UNITY

FREEDOM. FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

Force

By ZONA GALE

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Chapter II. by M. K. GANDHI

Items from a Traveler's Note Book

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

VOLUME XCVII NUMBER 8

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has written his Autobiography entitled

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1926 NUMBER 8

HYMNS OF MAHATMAJI'S FAST

[*During Gandhi's twenty-three-day fast as a penance for the rioting between Hindus and Mohammedans in India, one of his friends used to sing his favorite Hindu hymns each morning before sunrise and just before it grew dark in the evening. We print below translations of two of these hymns, which were made at the request of Gandhi's Christian friend, C. F. Andrews.*]

So long as the truth is not known by thee, all thy austerities are of no avail, even as untimely showers that serve no purpose.

What avail are ablution and ceremonial and almsgiving? What avail are the Sadbu's equipments—his ashes smeared all over his body and his matted locks?

What avail are penances and pilgrimages, the counting of beads, the mark on the forehead, the twig of tulsi, the drinking of Ganges water?

What avail are the knowledge of the Vedas, the grammarian's rules, and all the arts? What avail is philosophic erudition and a knowledge of letters?

All these things are devices which merely satisfy the outer man. So long as the truth is not known by thee, thy life is fruitlessly thrown away, says Narsinha.

He is my captive. I have purchased Him. Oh! I have purchased Him!

Some say He is too light: others say He is too heavy. I have weighed Him well, and know that I have full measure.

Some say He is too cheap: others say He is too dear. Some say He is priceless. Oh! I have paid my full price.

I paid my full price in the streets of Brindaban, whilst He was at play with Radha.

No one knows how I have secured Him. He knows. For, says Mira, He has only kept the pledge He gave me in my previous birth.

He alone is mine, naught else. I have left my father and mother, my kith and kin; in company with Sadhus have I lost all sense of shame. For He alone is mine.

I fled and sought refuge with the saints and wept to see the world. I wept tears of love, and watered the Tree of Immortality. Now He alone is mine.

On the way I met two good men, who alike had gone mad after Him. I kept them over my head. Him I kept in my heart. Now He alone is mine.

I went to the root of things, and found nothing but Him alone. The Rana sent the cup of hemlock. I drank it up, and became drunken with love for the Lord. Now He alone is mine.

—*Young India.*

We referred last week to the muddle which has developed out of the decision of the League of Nations to consider and pass upon the entrance of the United States into the World Court on the basis of the reservations adopted by the Senate. After being carefully informed that the Court is entirely independent of the League, it is somewhat amusing, we said, to find this whole matter of reservations referred, as though by an established method of procedure, to the League. Since we wrote last week, the muddle has been made still more complicated by the action of the League in inviting the United States to send a representative to Geneva to talk things over. President Coolidge has very properly replied that our reservations have been submitted to all the separate nations composing the World Court, and that these nations as such must pass upon the issue. We have nothing to do with the League, and cannot recognize its authority or even interest in this matter. Whereat Europe expresses surprise and umbrage — and the cause of peace is a little worse off than ever before. Such a muddle seems strange enough, until you look at the thing from the European point of view just for a moment. Why is Europe acting in this way? Because she knows that the League and the Court are one, the latter the creation and subsidiary of the former, and that entrance into the World Court, therefore, must be *via* the League. What is more, Europe takes it for granted that America knows this also. She does not know, never for one moment has imagined, that the whole campaign in this country for entrance into the Court was based upon the proposition that the Court was quite divorced from the League. We happen to know of a distinguished Englishman, recently come to this country, who could not understand the situation, was told of this fact of which he had not heard, and held up his hands in articulate amazement. The Court separate from the League?—why, the Court is the child of whom the League is most proud, and whose welfare it is most safely guarding! All of which means that America has been deceived—deceived by those who were eager to get us into the Court at any cost, even the cost of truth. Well, they have their reward—a situation sadly muddled, and peace never so far away.

We had some more or less impolite things to say in these columns, some few weeks ago, about the Democrats in Congress as an opposition party. We renew our indictment of these political hat-holders on

the basis of the latest performance of the minority. Senator Borah has undertaken to repeal the laws, passed during the excitement and hysteria of the Great War, giving the Department of State the arbitrary authority to deny passports and visas to aliens, and thus to shut out would-be visitors to this country. He wants to take away from Secretary Kellogg, and other officials of his miniature stature, the power to slam the door in the face of such persons as the Countess Karolyi, of Hungary, and Mr. Saklatvala, M. P., of England. Republican opposition to this proposal, on the part of thick-and-thin administration senators at least, is naturally to be expected. But what actually happens? Before any defender of Coolidge or Kellogg can spring to his feet, a Democrat, Senator Swanson, takes the floor and rushes to Kellogg's aid. Has Senator Swanson any partisan reason for defending the Republican Secretary of State? None at all; on the contrary, as a Democrat he has every reason for embarrassing and defeating him. Has the Senator any convictions on the issue of keeping the dangerous Karolyis and Saklatvalas out of the country? None at all; although he says Countess Karolyi is a Communist (which is not true!), he would still let her in. What *is* the Senator's reason then? We can find no answer to the question, except the deeper and more fundamental question, Why is a Democrat? Of course, it may be that Senator Swanson thinks that Senator Borah is doing a friendly service to Secretary Kellogg in robbing him of the power and opportunity to make a fool of himself every time a suspected foreigner asks for a visa on his passport. But this is a good deal too subtle for a mind like Mr. Swanson's. What we have is simply one more exhibition of the ineptitude of Democrats.

No one who lived through the Great War is likely to forget the last great drive of the Germans against the Allies on the western front in the spring of 1918. That move was probably the most terrific offensive action ever known in the history of warfare. Prepared for during an entire winter, organized upon a stupendous scale, impelled by the terrific thrust of modern machine weapons, successful at the start at every point and for an alarmingly prolonged time at many points, it held the world in agonized suspense, and threatened a victory which meant complete and final collapse for France and the associated powers. But that vast attack failed, and now that we actually know what was going on all the time, we see that it was doomed to fail from the start. All of which is a parable of what is now going on in the political field on the Prohibition issue! The "wets" have been mobilizing for months their grand offensive. The meeting of Congress was the signal for its release, and the vast machinery of attack has been moving ever since the New Year. Day after day it has been carrying everything before it. The "drys," like the Allies, have been steadily giving ground, and the crest of the flood is still mounting. The success of the "wets" in securing a Congressional hearing on the modification of the Volstead Act may be compared to the dropping of the shells of "Big Bertha" on Paris or the appearance of the German banners before Amiens. The country seems demoralized, as the world was demoralized in the dreadful April of 1918. But we need not fear. The assault is hopeless. It is the last desperate rally of a beaten army, and when at last the tide is flung back upon itself, the war will be over save for the inevitable "mopping up" of the field of battle. Nobody knows this better than the "wets" themselves; the fury of their attack, the vociferousness of their outcries, the recklessness of their manœuvres, all these constitute an exact measure of their lack of confidence. They have no hope save to drive the "drys" to panic, and thus to catch them unawares. All of which means that the "drys" have only to hold on, and the end is certain.

In reaffirming our belief in Prohibition, we would not imply any hostility to the present proposal now to the fore in Washington for a nation-wide referendum on the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act. Indeed, it has long been our conviction that the Anti-Saloon League has made a great mistake in policy in opposing popular expressions of opinion of this sort. Like Senator Borah, we have perfect faith in the people, and thus are certain that an open line-up on the question would bring only new strength to the cause. Look at the referendum in Massachusetts, for example, in 1924, which was fought out on a most unsatisfactory issue and yet resulted in a genuine victory for the "drys." Let us have a poll on a nation-wide scale, and what the church-people, the women, the business-men and a considerable portion of labor will do to the "wets" will leave them groggy for a century. Theoretically, therefore, we are all for the referendum. From the practical point of view, however, we have our fears. First, we have no confidence that the Anti-Saloon League and the forces which it represents would not spoil the whole affair by foolishly adhering to its stupid policy of refusing to cooperate in a show-down of this kind. If it balked, and publicly advised the "drys" not to participate, there would be utter confusion and no verdict. We would have the same ridiculous result as that which transpired in the recent newspaper referendum, when the "drys" were asked not to vote. In the second

place, we have no confidence that the "wets," if soundly thrashed in a real referendum contest, would acquiesce in the will of the majority and cease their lawless revolt. These people have no respect for the Constitution and the statute law; why should we believe that they will have any respect for a referendum vote? They are not interested in majority rule, in the democratic will, in orderly processes of government. They are interested only in their own selfish appetites, and their right to satisfy these appetites at any cost to the public welfare. So we have our doubts as to the practical side of this referendum business. We are all for it, provided that "wets" and "drys" alike are willing to play the game.

A recent newspaper despatch from England sticks in our mind. It told of Lady Astor's indignation at traveling from London to Plymouth to preside and speak at a meeting on prison reform and crime prevention, and finding only a handful of people in attendance. "If it had been a demonstration of a new style of hair-waving or ladies' fashions," she said, "the hall would have been packed. But when we come down to brass tacks, very few people in any section of society take any sort of interest." From this despatch we infer that there is the same indifference in England as in America to questions of political and economic moment. One would think that the prevailing unemployment in the British Isles, to say nothing of the threatened coal strike, would keep people aroused to public issues. But apparently the same psychology exists there as here—people will flock eagerly to hear discussions of dress, fashions, the theatre, public morals, psycho-analysis, New Thought, Spiritualism, physical health, but turn away as though with nausea from all consideration of social reform, philanthropy, poverty, crime, industrial relations, Socialism, and similar topics. A Bolshevik scare may pack a hall for a declaration of patriotism, but a political rally, a lecture on economics, a meeting for community betterment, a sermon on social justice have long since become impossible. It was not always so. We can remember the time when at a church service, a forum meeting, a public gathering of any sort, the announcement of a subject of a political or economic nature was certain to draw an overflow crowd. But "them times is gone forever"—or, if not forever, at least for a long time to come. In this country we are inclined to attribute this situation to the anodyne of prosperous times—the absorption of people in the comforts, luxuries and pleasures their extra money can buy. That England, which is anything but prosperous, should report the same condition, shows that this explanation is superficial. At bottom, we have no doubt, is simple human nature which seeks entertainment and finds itself at last bored by all this talk about society and its evils. Then of course there is the War, which gave men such a dose of the serious that they now want nothing but the light and frivolous. It's the pendulum swinging once again.

Mencken's *American Mercury* has been suppressed in Massachusetts. Copies of the April issue were seized, the vendors arrested, and all further sales forbidden. We see little to commend in this action of what we suppose to be the Watch and Ward Society. Peremptory and violent censorship accomplishes little beyond advertising what is objected to, and theoretically is unsound and dangerous. Nevertheless we are going to take advantage of this event to use it as a text for a little sermon in Mencken's magazine. We have read it pretty consistently since its first issue. For sheer brilliancy it is of course unexcelled among American publications. It has an independence, an audacity, a courage if you will, which are rare in contemporary journalism, and which make this paper stimulating reading. *The American Mercury*, in other words, reflects the qualities which have made its Editor so conspicuous a figure in American letters today. On the other hand, however, are qualities not so commendable. One is *prejudice*. We know, of course, that Mencken glories in his prejudices. This is his privilege, but certainly not his virtue. To denounce, ridicule and outlaw a Methodist just because he is a Methodist is as wicked as to denounce, ridicule and outlaw a Negro just because he is a Negro. In the second place is *ignorance*. *The American Mercury* carries a larger stock of sheer, unadulterated ignorance than any high-class magazine that we have ever read. Errors that would shame a high-school sophomore are not uncommon in its columns, as, for example, the confusion of Dr. Samuel G. Howe with Elias Howe as the inventor of the sewing machine. As for the current series of articles on American churches, one knows not whether to ascribe their inanities to mere ignorance or to deliberate and slanderous prejudice. Lastly, there is *vulgarity*, which brings us to the suppression of *The American Mercury* in Boston. The charge, of course, was obscenity. We have never found obscenity in Mencken's paper. Indeed, we sometimes doubt if we know what obscenity is. But we recognize vulgarity, and *The American Mercury* reeks with it. When we have read a few of its pages, we feel like washing our hands and changing our shirt. Brilliant as it is, *The American Mercury* is an unwholesome influence.

Force

"If we could ever learn," said a wise man, "that when we do right we are acting in harmony with the greatest force in the world, and when we do wrong we are acting against it, we should know a simple principle of moral technique, and the foundation of a true religion."

They asked him: "Can one always know right from wrong?"

He answered: "Yes."

"How can one know?"

"By the inner voice. If the religions had taught men and women to attend to the word of the inner voice instead of depending on faith, we should have a living fire in the world now and not ashes."

"But isn't the inner voice affected by tradition, convention, the tribal law. . . ."

He answered: "Surely you know more about the inner voice than that!"

So then they asked him to tell them about the inner voice, and this is what he said:

"Everything exists as a thought first. Not in the mind, obviously. Outside the mind. Where? Well, where was the idea of radio, of airplanes, of the telegraph before it was *brought through,* as we say, into expression. Those words 'brought through' are significant. Surely man, for all his arrogance, cannot feel that all these wonders existed first in the human mind. The mind we know is but the tool, the instrument, fitted for bringing through, literally, the idea from without. From 'without,' we say—dividing all thought into that within the human mind and that without. But of course the little within is but an infinitesimal speck of the Idea, the Intelligence, which lies without; and on which the mind has been able so slightly to lay hold. Invention, science, philosophy, all human knowledge are but the faint adumbrations of that which lies 'without,' and whose motions impulsed upon the mind make up the total of our wisdom. Is Intelligence to prompt us to radio and telegraphy, and be not able to prompt us to the universal language of the law?

"Able to prompt everybody? Certainly not. Is it able to impulse everybody to invent a wonder? Only those who have most exquisitely sensitized themselves by taking thought and giving study to some wonder can be reached in this way. And only those who have sensitized themselves to listen to promptings about right and wrong can hear these. You think that everyone has a conscience? Everyone has a rudimentary conscience. Nearly everyone has a rudimentary sense of music, of color, of literature. But comparatively few ever develop these rudiments, including the embryo conscience.

"My idea is that we have not begun to discern what the powers of this inner voice may be. I know that the psychologists name it and dismiss it. I know that others classify it, believing that classification explains. But I say that we know nothing really about the way in which this intuition comes to us. For it is intuition; and when I say that, I am saying that it is one of the forerunners of a power whose edges we are only now beginning to suspect. I do not know whether Bergson would regard conscience as a form of intuition. But I feel that it is an exercise of a function whereby we are able to come directly in contact with truth—as the 'instinctive' artist comes in contact with truth and expresses it through his medium. Conscience is a form of art. It is a creative apprehension of behavior, as music is a creative apprehension of harmony. Note that I say behavior—not merely conduct as related to right and wrong, but behavior—for if conscience 'works' in distinguishing right and wrong in morals, it will 'work' in determining the harmonious course to take in other and quite unmoral acts.

"What might life be—if everyone had the genius for conscience—the genius of the inner voice—and employed it for every act, as simply as an artist follows his genius for interpreting form and color. Every artist, from Tolstoy down, will tell you that he is but the channel for an unknown force flowing through him from an unknown source. What if we could all say the same regarding behavior? What if we were thus constantly to ally ourselves with that great force (which wins out ultimately) instead of moving against it? All Conduct is an art, and what if the inner voice is the key to a great technique which we are neglecting in favor of the five-finger exercises of precept and convention?"

They asked him: "What is this great force to which you allude?"

He answered: "Righteousness."

ZONA GALE.*

*With acknowledgments to her father, C. F. Gale.

Jottings

New York is being flooded by "bootleg" milk. The remedy is obvious. Repeal all the laws prohibiting bad milk, and let the manufacturers of this commodity sell it openly and freely to the public.

It is the testimony of Frederick L. Hoffman, consulting statistician of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, that "our murder record for 1925 is the worst we have thus far experienced." Statistics covering seventy-seven cities "indicate an increase in the murder death rate from 10.8 per 100,000 in 1924 to 11.1 per 100,000 in 1925." What shall we do about such a scandalous situation? The answer is easy. Laws prohibiting murder are not being obeyed. Repeal them.

Alarming increase of crime in Great Britain! The number of offenses recorded in 1925 was 112,574, the largest since the year 1858. Yet Great Britain has not gone Prohibition! We know, of course, that Prohibition is the exclusive cause of the crime wave in this country. So say the "wets," at least! But if this is true, what's the matter with the whisky-flooded British isles?

The Yale seniors have recently voted that, in their opinion, Mussolini is the biggest world figure today, and that President Coolidge and Charles E. Hughes are the two living men most to be admired. And this is Higher Education!

Henry H. Curran, speaking in favor of the bill to admit as non-quota immigrants the relatives of aliens who served in the American army during the war, describes the measure as "an act of justice to these men who loved America enough to fight her battles." We believe in this bill, but we think Curran's description of the men affected is just so much bosh. "Loved America enough to fight her battles?" Perhaps! But more likely they yielded to a conscription act which it was unprofitable either to evade or disobey.

Apropos of the above note, let this be said: Patriotism, love of country, and the rest, may be tested by a *volunteer* system of recruiting, but never by conscription. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Items From a Traveler's Note Book

II.

New Orleans is different—no doubt about that! James Bryce has spoken of it as one of the very few distinctive cities in America. New York, Boston, San Francisco, San Antonio are the others. Is there even one more name to be added to the list?

We reached New Orleans early, and by midmorning were touring the city in an automobile with a dear friend. We saw the wide boulevards, with the sweeping grass plots in the center—Audubon Park, with its tropical trees and foliage—the houses, large and small, with their double rows of columns, Ionic below, Corinthian above, with the inevitable upper balcony fenced with the hand-wrought iron railing—the old French quarter, with its narrow streets, huddled buildings, antique shops and restaurants—the old Cathedral, and the famous Capilio where the Louisiana Treaty was signed and sealed—and always the great Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," and the huge levees protecting the city from flood. On passing the docks and warehouses, I was astonished to learn that New Orleans is the second port of the United States, outdistancing all competitors save only New York. The great wharves, piled high with merchandise, and the crowded ships, seemed to demonstrate the truth of the statement. But when will New Orleans redeem her magnificent river-front, and turn her crested levees into majestic boulevards?

The evening brought us to the Unitarian church, where I had been graciously invited to address a public meeting on "Gandhi of India." This church is one of the most interesting in the country, and probably the most important of all the Unitarian institutions in the South. Founded in the early part of the nineteenth century, it had no connection of any kind with the Unitarian movement in New England, but represented the revolt from orthodoxy of one heroic and eloquent man, the Rev. Theodore Clapp. A Presbyterian preacher of great influence and power, he found himself unable to accept the terrible theology of his church, and went out alone, followed by the mingled regrets and denunciations of his great host of admirers, to found a liberal movement of his own. It was only later that he discovered that there were people in the North, known as Unitarians, who had gone through somewhat the same experience as himself and who believed substantially as he did. He promptly and gladly sought for fellowship, which was as promptly and gladly given, and his church thereupon became Unitarian. Dr. Clapp was a great figure in the New Orleans of his day. His heroic labors in the yellow fever pestilences which swept down at intervals upon the city are remembered today as among the proudest records of the city's life. His autobiography stands as one of the most precious source-books of New Orleans history. At the front of the Unitarian church, near the platform, stands a marble bust in memory of this great man. The present minister, Mr. Teagarden—alert, vigorous, devoted, with mind wide open to the new, more inclusive, and radical tendencies in American religious life today, is a worthy successor to Dr. Clapp. Thanks to his interest and that of friendly laymen like Mr. Patterson and Mr. Berry, I faced an audience which filled the church and listened with great kindness to my talk upon the Mahatma of India.

In the morning came a tropical rainstorm which opened up a new chapter in my experience. For two hours "the rains descended and the floods came" as I have never seen them before in all my life. Amid the crashing of the thunder and the flaming of the lightning, the waters steadily mounted in the streets until they flowed over the curbing and submerged the sidewalks. As I stood at the entrance of the hotel, I could only think of my hotel in Venice when I stepped from the doorway into a waiting gondola. But, alas, there were no gondolas in New Orleans, only automobiles plowing painfully through the flood, with water above the hubs and flowing on occasion into the cars. A girl employe of the hotel, left stranded in the middle of the street by a trolley car, waded without a quiver to the sidewalk, with the water to her knees. For the first time I began to see the advantages of having no cellars to the houses in the South.

Had it not been for my friend, who navigated her automobile to the hotel like a sea captain driving his groaning ship through a mighty storm—praise be to her!—I should have missed my train, and my next appointment in Dallas, Texas. As we rode through the country, we passed town after town which was under water. The fields were vast quagmires in which drenched animals were seeking refuge on hummocks and under fences. Pitiful was it to see the Negro shacks totally surrounded by the flood, and as wet inside, I have no doubt, as outside. Only the youngsters, wading in the water, and sailing their improvised boats, seemed to be getting fun out of the situation.

We reached Dallas in the rain, but were promptly made to feel at home by our host, Mr. Elmer Scott, president of the Civic Federation of that city. I don't know when I have been so impressed by a man and his work. Eight years or so ago, he organized his Federation as an institution of social enlightenment and civic leadership in the community. Today this Federation is handsomely housed in a building of its own, with offices, classrooms, assembly halls, library and guest room for visitors—conducts numerous courses on such subjects as "Family Social Work," "The Child," "The Social Aspects of Religion," "The History of Religion," "Abnormal Psychology," "Vocational Guidance," etc.—gives public lectures by recognized educational authorities, and conducts a Sunday afternoon open forum in the auditorium of the City Hall. The difficulties of conducting a forum at so remote a point as Dallas, in a region of such enormous distances, may be imagined. Mr. Scott is engaged for months in the business of persuading speakers to come to Dallas, arranging their itinerary, and financing the excessively heavy expenses involved. His success under such conditions is the measure of the man, for his list of lecturers in recent years is no list of local names merely, but includes such men and women of national reputation as Earl Barnes, George Coleman, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Owen Lovejoy, Dhan Gopal Mukerji, S. K. Ratcliffe, Raymond Robins, Dr. Frederick Starr, Dr. Harry F. Ward, Alexander Meiklejohn, and others.

More surprising than the speakers, however, was the Forum itself. I have addressed many forums in many parts of the country, but never a better one than this. In the beginning I was frankly skeptical—my Yankee blood and training did not permit me to believe that the South could know what a real forum is, or be willing to maintain one if it did know. But more than this, I was not only skeptical but a bit nervous, for, of all things in the world, Mr. Scott had asked me to speak on "Race Prejudice"! I was so astonished when I received this suggestion that I wrote Mr. Scott asking if he knew who I was—a Yankee, with abolition sentiments. To which inquiry he simply replied, "Come in—say your say—this is what a forum is for!" When I mounted the platform, I found myself facing an audience of some seven hundred people. I had noticed a goodly number of Negroes coming into the hall, and there they were, all segregated carefully in one section of the gallery at my right. Upon being presented, I told of my Yankee origins and convictions, and then plunged into my address and gave it just as I have given it many times to northern audiences. The result was one of the supreme surprises and joys of my life as a public speaker. The audience listened to me for an hour, with never a sign of disapproval or suggestion of interruption—on the contrary, with frequent applause. At the end came a great outburst, which I had to acknowledge by rising and bowing. Then came the questions, straight from the shoulder, with answers as straight. All phases of the subject were explored—side issues were raised, such as Fundamentalism and evolution—there was sharp dissent as well as warm approval, but always good nature, an open mind, and utter respect for honest if differing opinion. That afternoon was to my mind a supreme test of the forum principle, and it demonstrated that the South, thanks to Mr. Scott and the people of Dallas, have a forum that is nowhere surpassed in this country.

On Sunday morning, in response to the courtesy of Rev. Frank Powell and his people, I preached at the Unitarian Church to a moderate sized audience. On the way to church, I had a chance to see the many large and handsome churches in the city, with the great throngs in attendance. Dr. Truett's immense new church was conspicuous among those which I saw, but many others seemed as new and as impressive. Dallas does not look like a Southern city at all. As compared with Montgomery, for example, it gives the impression of a Northern metropolis. Its crowded streets, hurrying traffic, towering office buildings, all suggest New York and Chicago. But in its church life it is Southern to the core. Fundamentalism reigns, revivals of the traditional hell-fire type are frequent, Fundamentalist preachers like Dr. Truett sway the town, the Unitarian minister is outcast, and everybody goes to church. Curiously enough, it was on the religious side that Mr. Scott encountered objection to my appearance at the Forum. A letter from no less a person than the Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral protested against the appearance of such a man on the platform of the Dallas Open Forum. But the objection of this worthy defender of the community against the invasion of "moral turpitude" from the North was not to my pacifism, nor Bolshevism, nor any such familiar heresy, but to my attitude toward religion and the churches. Yet it was in this city of rampant Fundamentalism that I answered a question at the Forum in support of Darwin and his doctrine of evolution, and was applauded to the echo. Here again was the Forum the test of enlightenment and freedom.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

(To Be Concluded.)

American Notes

[Editorial Correspondence.]

I.

I came across a little poem the other day that was written by "an unknown author in the heart of Australia." It is becoming quite popular in this country. It is quoted by preachers and put at the head of columns in popular periodicals. Mrs. Ella Victoria Dobbs of the University of Missouri refers to it as follows:

I have not read anything in a long time which has made so profound an impression upon me and which had such charm in its expression coupled with the beauty and strength of the idea. I am using the poem in the forthcoming number of the *Pi Lambda Theta Journal*. I quoted it at the national meeting in Washington, D. C., and a number of people asked where it could be secured.

Here it is. If I mistake not, many of my readers will be quoting "Pioneers."

We shall not travel by the road we make:
Ere day by day the sound of many feet
Is heard upon the stones that now we break,
We shall be come to where the cross-roads meet.

For us the heat by day, the cold by night,
The inch-slow progress, and the heavy load,
And death at last to close the long grim fight
With man and beast and stone; for them the Road.

For them the shade of trees that now we plant,
The safe, smooth journey and the final goal,
Yea, birthright in the land of covenant—
For us day labor, travail of the soul.

And yet the road is ours as never theirs!
Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
For us the Master-Joy, O Pioneers—
We shall not travel, but we make the Road.

II.

I received a letter last week from a prominent Japanese merchant in a large western city. What he said is interesting and also illustrates what problems are coming up in American life, having racial, religious and social bearings. I give it as he wrote: "The other day I attended a brotherhood gathering held under the auspices of a church. . . Many Negroes also attended. . . A preacher said that this was designed for furthering the mutual understanding of different races. . . I said in a 10 minutes speech, I cannot understand this 'mutual understanding' business. . . If you were good Christians, you should love everybody even though you do not understand them. . . Love in Christianity is of a strong and broad order, such as love of mothers. . . If you love them first, then understanding will follow. . . If you not love them, you will never understand them.

"If white races really believe that they are superior to any other races, I am sorry to say that this shows they have begun to decay. . . Everything is changing, changing fast. . . If colored races realize their shortcomings, and try to remedy them and keep that up for generations, the future of the colored races is brilliant. . . If white races are over-proud of their small achievements and begin to take life easy, there will be a degeneration. . . We are all infinitesimally small beings, and weak, helpless, sinful creatures.

"Men who boast themselves to be perfect men, by this show that they are most imperfect. Christ, Buddha and Confucius—what are they? If they rose in this world again, and witnessed millions of people worshipping them as saviours, or incarnations of God, they would commit suicide, being too much ashamed of themselves. . . I do not intend to belittle them. I think they are great, and great because they knew they were imperfect and sinful.

"We all live in a box and feel as if we were very great and important in the small box, just as gold fish swim swaggering in a small pail. . . Let us at least make a small window and peep out upon the sublime universe in which we all live.

"I could not say all this. Even so, the pastor did not seem to agree with me. I wonder if you agree with me. Many American whites seemed a little bit puzzled upon my bold assertions, but many Negroes present came around to shake hands with me. They seemed to understand me."

III.

Here are two marked movements in American life, one political, the other religious! More and more women are being elected to public office; more and more non-liturgical churches are observing Lent. I do not mention them in the same breath because they are related, since the opposite is probably true, that one is toward democracy, in politics, while the other is away from democracy, in religion. Only last week, Mrs. Bertha K. Landes was elected mayor of Seattle, a city of 400,000 inhabitants. There were some unusual elements that contributed to the selection of a woman, but she is the real choice of the majority. She had been for six years a member of the city council. Her husband is a Dean at the University of Washington and she is sister-in-law of David Starr Jordan. Dean Landes was quite confident that a woman is fitted for the job of the mayoralty, because of her long practice at home—government being a kind of house-cleaning and housekeeping affair. There are now two women governors of states, Texas and Wyoming. Texas is an empire in itself. There is at least one woman on the state supreme bench, that of Ohio. Unquestionably women in America will increasingly seek and gain office until they fill a majority of the positions. It is noticeable that in many cities, the majority of the election judges are women. The work of women as officials, from clerks up to governors, compares favorably with the work of men.

As to the drift, I mentioned, in the church life, I hold in my hand a notice of Noonday Lenten Meetings for Men and Women to be held in the President Theater, Seattle. For the coming week, the sermons are to be preached by the Rt. Reverend S. Arthur Huston, D. D., Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Olympia; while the meetings for the week after are to have the sermons given by the Reverend M. A. Matthews, D. D., LL.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. It is announced that the Congregationalists of the city are to unite in one service, all day Good Friday, at which service gowns will be used and considerable formality of worship. Denominations are doubtless coming more and more together, and all the leading ones becoming more ritualistic. The most observing would say that this movement, with two heads, unity and ritualism, did not have so much a religious inspiration, as an economic and cultural one. Economic, racial and cultural factors are more potent than religious influences in the churches of America today.

IV.

It is of national significance that Owen R. Love-

joy should resign the secretaryship of the National Child Labor Committee, which position he has held for twenty-two years. Many of my readers who have had reason to study the condition of children in America have frequently run across his name, one familiar to all social workers. . . In 1904, while a Congregational pastor, he was stirred by the condition he found among the miners of Pennsylvania, particularly among the children. The challenge caused him to resign his pastorate. Ever since, as secretary of the Child Labor Committee, he has traveled tens of thousands of miles, speaking, visiting legislatures, attending conferences, in order to get the facts before the public and to procure adequate legislation.

This Committee has helped in state after state until in the majority of states, the child who labors is better protected, or little children have been kept out of factories and mills. . . Mr. Lovejoy helped in the establishment of the U. S. Children's Bureau, took a leading part in the Conference on Minimum Child Welfare Standards at Washington in 1919. In the National Conference of Social Workers he was for one year the president and at all times served on important committees. He led in the fight also to gain a federal Child Labor law, which although passing Congress twice by comfortable majorities has each time been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. . . And then something almost tragic, politically, occurred. A Child Labor constitutional amendment—"fool-proof" it was thought—passed Congress, and was sent out to the various legislatures for proper ratification. One of those strange reactions had come in American life, so pathetic and baffling, and legislatures, that on previous occasions had almost unanimously approved of Child Labor law, now turned it down by an overwhelming majority. The causes that would be mentioned to account for this reversal would be that business objected to government interference, and that the people were getting tired of having things run by the federal government.

At any rate, social workers were amazed and horrified by the reversal of public sentiment. Owen R. Lovejoy saw his life-long work of unselfish service for the children suddenly overthrown, by this rush of American individualism in industry and by a growing antagonism to government "meddling" in business affairs. Such social workers as Owen R. Lovejoy, Jane Addams and Mary McDowell are suffering from the social and political ban meted out to "bolsheviks" and "socialists." America, among English-speaking nations, is probably the most reactionary of all, industrially. Lovejoy is one of the unfortunate victims of the "times" upon which he has fallen. With his cross he will, of course, have a crown. Meanwhile, the children cry.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The War of the X-Ray

In a French Labor Journal, *L'Oeuvre,* under the heading, "The Last War," the humorist La Fourchardiére shows that war is more stupid even than wicked. From his article, copied in *"La Paix par le Droit,"* I translate:

"It was said in 1871 that the old German schoolmaster had conquered the earth because the French generals were ignorant of geography. The victory of 1984 will be the work of the old professor of physics and chemistry.

"Science has such famous possibilities that we are truly astonished at the backward character of the war of 1914. . . How in the age of wireless telegraph and motorless flight have they failed to find a way to make war without cannon, rifle or soldiers?

"By rays, of course. They had only to fit in; the invention is already made. . . A physician thoroughly skilled in advance radiotherapy said to me that he is quite prepared to assassinate his neighbors through the thickest walls and without giving rise to the slightest suspicion. Through his method the X-rays would produce incurable burns or produce a mortal anemia by the slow destruction of red corpuscles. Thus in the next war X-rays will advantageously replace suffocating gases. . . Not to mention the microbes, which thus far have not been utilized. It is inconceivable that patriots have not yet found means to send forth for love of country pestilence, plague and cholera.

"When this shall be done, humanity will then finally realize progress. The direction of war will then fall into the hands of experts. War being no longer the work of the military, the military warriors will find no more interest in it. As their sole interest is in war-making, it may well be that war will come to an end. . . Otherwise we would have to suppose on the part of physicists a spirit of scientific curiosity truly monstrous. And then war, supposing that it should eliminate warriors, would be truly economical, accessible even to bankrupt nations. It would need, in order to gain victory, only certain laboratory equipment.

"Then war would be decisive; victory would be final without fear of revenge in time or eternity. The annoying fact, hitherto, in connection with victory is that the defeated nation will stir about, revive, and always prove that the final victory is only temporary.

"At the end of the next war, there will be no vanquished peoples. Where such are now found, there will be the desert, the void, the general cemetery. Thus the conquerors who have found the good ray and used the right microbe, may sing their songs of victory in peace."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

AFTER WAR

There came a voice the other day,
Still and small and far away,
Calling where the wheat ears dance
In the lovely fields of France.

Comrade, when we crossed the sea,
You and I were glad to be
On the ship, and on this shore,
Hastening to righteous war.

Beside a German boy I lie,
Under waving wheat stalks high,
Here we whisper through long nights
Of friendly days and homely sights.

Help the boys you teach to see
Death in dark diplomacy.
Say the sea has but one shore,
Say there is no righteous war.

JOHN RICHARDS.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

CHAPTER II

I must have been about seven when my father left Porbunder for Rajkot to be a member of the Rajasthanic Court. There I was put to a primary school, and I can well recollect my days there, including the names and other particulars of teachers who taught me. As at Porbunder so here, there is hardly anything to note about my studies. I could only have been a mediocre student. From this school I went to the suburban school and thence to the high school, having already reached my twelfth year. I do not remember having ever, during this short career, lied either to my teachers or to my schoolmates. I used to be very shy and avoided all company. My books and my lessons were my sole companions. To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed—that was the daily habit. I would literally run back, as I scarcely liked to talk with any one. I was even afraid lest any one should poke fun at me.

There is an incident which occurred at examination time in my first year at the high school which is worth recording. Mr. Giles, the then educational inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write, as a spelling exercise. One of the words was "kettle." I had misspelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that the teacher wanted me to copy the spelling from the neighbor's slate. For I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except myself, were found to have spelt all the words correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring the stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of "copying."

And yet, the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for the teacher. For I was by nature blind to the faults of elders. I later came to know of many another failing of this teacher's, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the elders' orders, not to scan their actions.

Two other incidents of the same period have always clung to my memory. As a rule I disliked to do any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked being taken to task by the teacher as deceiving him. I therefore would do the lessons, but often without my mind in them. Thus, when even the lessons could not be done properly, there was, of course, no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was *Shravana Pitribhakti Nataka* (a play about Shravana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time itinerant showmen. One of the pictures I was shown was of Shravana carrying, by means of a yoke, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. "Here is an example for you to copy," I said to myself. The agonized lament of the parents over Shravana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply and I played it on a concertina my father had purchased me.

There was similar incident connected with another play. I had, about this very time, secured my father's permission to see a play performed by a certain dramatic company. This play, *Harischandra,* captured my heart. I would not be tired of seeing it. But how often would I be permitted to go? It haunted me and I must have acted *Harischandra* to myself times without number. "Why should not all be truthful like Harischandra?" was the question I asked myself day and night. To follow truth and to go through all the ordeals Harischandra went through was the thing I learnt. I literally believed in the story of Harischandra. The thought of it all has often made me weep. My common sense tells me today that Harischandra could not have been a historical character. But for me both Harischandra and Shravana are living realities, and I am sure I would be touched as before if I were to reread those plays today.—(Translated from *Navajivan* by MAHADEO DESAI.)

M. K. GANDHI.

IMMORTALITY

Never the spirit was born; the sprit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever;
Death hath not touched it all, dead though the house of it seems.

Nay, but as one who layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And taking new ones, sayeth
"These will I wear today!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its robe of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

From the Sanskrit
Translation by Edwin Arnold.

TOMORROW

The robin chants when the thrush is dumb,
Snow smooths a bed for the clover,
Life flames anew, and days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over.

The tide that ebbs by the moon flows back,
Faith builds on the ruins of sorrow,
The halcyon flutters in winter's track,
And night makes way for the morrow.

And ever a strain, of joys the sum,
Sings on in the heart of the lover—
In death sings on—that days to come
Are sweet as the days that are over!

—FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

The Study Table

AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is a poet and a student of poetry. His "Anthology of English Verse," published in 1922, attracted wide attention as an able and original collection, not unworthy to be mentioned with Quiller-Couch's Oxford book. The Introduction to this new volume,* which attempts to do for American poetry what the Editor had already done for English poetry, is an admirable piece of writing and seems to forecast an anthology as competent if not as inclusive as Edmund Clarence Stedman's familiar anthology. But this Introduction is the best part of the book; what follows is a disappointment. We are hard to displease in the matter of anthologies—we can usually catch the editor's viewpoint and be glad for what he has done even though he has not done it exactly as we would do it. But Le Gallienne's work dissatisfies us utterly. We read it with growing irritation and regret.

On the one hand, Mr. Le Gallienne has included a greater mass of ordinary verse than we have ever seen in a collection of this pretentious kind. Indeed, there are numerous pieces which have no poetic merit at all. As though anticipating criticism on this score, Mr. Le Gallienne explains that his object has been "to illustrate the whole course of American poetry in dull periods as well as bright," and that in any such national anthology "along with the best must be included no little of the worst." What he wants, apparently, is a complete survey of the field—and so he includes all the old "favorites," such as "The Star Spangled Banner," "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Home, Sweet Home," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," three songs by Stephen Foster, several of the Civil War ballads, such purely popular doggerel as Sargent's "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and Trowbridge's "The Vagabonds," and much humorous verse of familiar if commonplace variety. But if completeness is the editor's object, why are many well-known, even able, poets omitted, as for example Lucy Larcom, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Samuel Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Eliza Scudder, Philip Savage and John White Chadwick? And why is the rich treasure trove of minor poetry, so patiently gathered and admirably arranged by Stedman in his portly volume, here so conspicuously neglected?

Le Gallienne does better with his handling of the great names. He has no sympathy with the popular fad of depreciating Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell and the other famous members of the New England school, and thus gives appropriate space to the poetry of these men. But what "imp of the perverse" had possession of the editor's mind when he made his selections? Imagine Longfellow without the Dante sonnets, Whittier with no passage from "Snow Bound," Walt Whitman without "The Mystice Trumpeter" or "The Prayer of Columbus," Lowell without "The Fable For Critics" or "The Present Crisis." Six selections from Richard Henry Stoddard and five from Bret Harte, with only three from Sidney Lanier and one from Edward Rowland Sill, reveal a disproportion which is amazing. As for the selections from that great poet, Emily Dickinson, they are, with one exception, the worst we have ever seen.

Much the same may be said of Mr. Le Gallienne's presentation of modern poets. Why does Moody's "Ode In Time Of Hesitation" not appear? Why are all Edgar Lee Master's pieces from the *new* "Spoon River Anthology?" How could Miss Millay and Mr. Robinson be represented so feebly? And why, to be perfectly fair, is Mr. Le Gallienne not represented himself? "Contemporary American poetry," as he says in his Introduction, may be "at present the most vital now being written in the English tongue." But if so, he does not show it.

The book is marred by the careless proofreading which characterized its predecessor. All in all, it is an anthology which does scant justice to its subject.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Le Gallienne Anthology of American Verse," edited by Richard Le Gallienne, published by Boni and Liveright.

GERMANY'S FUTURE IN WORLD POLITICS*

I

In this interesting volume entitled *"Deutschland's Weltpolitische Zukunft,"** the former Secretary of State, Dr. Paul Göhre, has given a lucid expression of a new awakening of Germany, through which she is bound to come to the forefront in world economics and politics. The author is a realist, but at the same time is imbued with a spirit of idealism. He places great importance on "the conscious faith" of the German people in their future destiny. He says in substance:

During the days of inflation, the question of stabilization of currency was the most important factor in German national welfare. Today it is of greater importance and urgent need that *the German people should have a firm faith in the future of our people and the will to acquire a completely new type of development and knowledge of non-aggressive character.* Men do not live by bread alone. First comes the right of a great people with a great historical past. It must not be forgotten that Germany is not a nonentity among the nations: but excluding Russia, which really does not belong to Europe, Germany is the home of the strongest people of continental Europe. It is the home of the nation which has played a great historic role during the Middle Ages in the form of the Reformation. Germany has contributed a great deal to the development of modern civilization and she is now facing the world after one of the great revolutions in the history of the world. Germany has suffered tremendously; and through the sufferings produced by great want, a deep awakening must come which will emphasize *the need of self-delivery which will guarantee new, quick and proud rise of the nation to a world-wide personality.*

II

The author tries to analyze the ways and means by which the above-mentioned ideal for his people can be fulfilled. He regards that (a) Pacifism, (b) World Revolution, (c) War of Revenge, and (d) Re-alignment of Powers on the basis of the old theory of "the balance of powers"—thus forming new alliances—as all impossible and impracticable ways to achieve the end.

He thinks that pacifism in politics is impossible, because (*politik ist und bleibt Kampf*) politics is and remains as struggle. In spite of all organizations and efforts, pacifism is not a political principle, neither is it a political conviction, but at the most it is an ideal. And as a political art, at all events, it is a shelter-cloak for states, particularly small states, for their very existence; and it is something like political mimicry

*Göhre, Paul: *Deutschland's Weltpolitische Zukunft.* (Keort Vowinkel Verlag.) Berlin: Grunewald. 1925.

of these states. Pacifism cannot make Germany a great nation, in the face of the forces that are dominating the world policies of all nations. The Quakers and the Gandhites may preach passive resistance or non-cooperation as a great weapon for success; but it has been proven in the Ruhr and in India that passive resistance or non-cooperation will fail unless the whole world accepts the same tactics.

In a very brilliant discussion against the theory of "World Revolution" as the way to the recovery of Germany, the author presents his views, which can be summarized as follows:

The idea of so-called World Revolution is nothing but the spreading of Russian Communism with the conscious aim of destroying German nationalism. It aims to destroy capitalistic economy and business in all Europe by a general attack, if that is possible. If that is not possible, it aims to bring about revolution, first in Germany, the strongest industrial center of Europe, and then to France and then to England and the rest of Europe. It is not only undesirable but also impossible that Germany should follow the same course as Russia, because Germany has a strong foothold in industrial life, whereas Russia has none. In Russia the so-called peasants act as radicals, whereas in Germany the peasants are conservative. The German working people and masses are socialistic, democratic as well as loyal to the state, and in Russia the working people are bolshevistic. The whole historical structure of the German people and their national psychology is different from that of the Russians. Then again, the Communism of the Revolution of 1917-18 is not the same as is practiced today in Russia. In Russia the peasants have become owners of landed property. In place of the large industries which were in existence in Russia before the revolution, small home industries are flourishing today. The class system has not disappeared in Russia; on the contrary, small peasants, petty businessmen and Soviet officials and workers are trying hard to come to the top. A new class system is in process of creation. Foreign capital is now sought from America, England, France and even from Germany, through commercial treaties and concessions. The last mentioned policy is strengthening the hold of capitalism abroad. Thus, the very idea of re-elevation of Germany to world prominence through a communistic world revolution is not only absurd but impossible and impracticable.

For a totally disarmed Germany which does not enjoy international diplomatic support and which is practically rendered isolated, the policy of revenge against France is mere madness and does not insure the faintest possibility of success. The author gives a comparative table of military strength of France and Germany as it stood in 1922:

	Germany	France
Officers	4,000	38,000
Men	96,000	800,000
Field artillery	300	3,000
Heavy artillery	.....	1,160
Fort artillery	38	6,000
Airships	.....	1,300
Tanks	.....	300

From the strategic, economic and diplomatic points of view, Germany cannot fight France successfully. The very idea of a war of revenge will not allow the German people to have the requisites for peace which they need to recover their position.

The author makes an extended survey of world politics and shows that forming new alliances in place of the old ones will never give peace and prosperity to the German people and thus dismisses the theory of forming alliances with various nations. There are many Germans who today think that an Anglo-German alliance is the best solution for German security, but the author regards it as a most absurd idea, and its impossibility is clear to the blind (*"noch viel einfacher liegt die Frage eines Bündnisses mit England. Seine Unmöglichkeit ist auch dem Blinden klar."*) In the field of world economics and British imperial interests in Asia, there is a new awakening of great significance. It is against Germany's interest to be tied up with Great Britain. The author does not favor a Russo-German alliance, although he recognizes that Russia will favor Germany as long as the latter acts under the direction of the former. He emphasizes the fact that Great Britain cannot ever sincerely favor Germany. (*"Russland will uns wohl, aber nur, wenn wir ihm unterordnen; England aber will uns überhaupt nicht, Sela!"*)

III.

The author places the greatest importance on such activities as will insure and augment Germany's national health and economic strength. It is through intensive labor that Germany must recover her position. She must radically modernize her industrial machinery so that she will rise to the peak of efficiency, in comparison with all the industrial peoples of the world. She must have access to necessary raw materials from all parts of the world, especially from Russia, and if possible from her old colonies. She must try to recover her old markets and create new ones.

Recognizing the fact that all economic transactions produce political consequences, the author suggests that the Polish and other questions should be solved through Germany's industrial expansion and commercial association. He points out that although Poland is culturally closely connected with France, even today 60 per cent of Poland's economic relations are with Germany, and thus a future economic understanding (with political results) between Germany and Poland is not an impossibility. Today Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Servia and other nations are talking about the possibility of a Danubian federation, and Germany should have a policy so that she will be able to play her role in the economic life of these nations.

The author, with astonishing boldness, preaches a new form of *Continental Politik*, the cardinal feature of which is based upon Franco-German cooperation. He advocates that there must be moral and material solidarity between France and Germany in matters of production and distribution in a world-wide scale. In fact, there should be *an economic General Staff* for this very purpose. With Franco-German solidarity and through Germany's entry into the League of Nations and the solution of the reparation question through a congress of European powers, which will allow Germany to assert herself economically, Germany will be able to regain her position among the nations of the world. This will make Germany the center of the world, because she lies in the heart of Europe; and Europe is and will remain the center of the great world.

One may not agree with all the conclusions of the author, but the book presents a point of view which deserves careful consideration by all who are interested in the cause of world peace and world reconstruction.

TARAKNATH DAS.

Berlin, Germany.

Correspondence

Four Months' Enforced Vacation

[From Our Correspondent in China.]

Editor of UNITY:

From 1919 to 1920 I had an enforced vacation, politically; the close of 1925 and early part of 1926 I have had an enforced vacation, medically. Of the latter I wish to make a few reflections, offer public thanks and give testimony. Entirely personal, but none the less interesting. First, the general facts.

On October 4th I started on the Blue Express for Shanghai. Before two weeks had gone, the traffic between Peking and Nanking had come to an end, and has not yet been resumed. Soon after I left Tientsin I began to be attacked with severe pain and by the time the train reached Tehchow, I decided to get off and hunt up a missionary doctor, Dr. Tucker. I rode in a Chinese cart to the mission hospital, some distance from the city walls, where very soon I was given relief.

The next day I went to the city of Tsinan for examination and consultation by the competent staff of physicians and surgeons in the Shantung Christian University. I at once entered the hospital of which Dr. Edwin R. Wheeler, M. R. C. S., is superintendent, and was placed under the care of the specialist, Dr. Henry S. W. Wright, F. R. C. S. After a week's trial, a major operation was successfully performed on October 12th. I remained for daily treatment until January 16th, when I was dismissed, though for another two weeks I continued to receive attention. On January 31st my wife (who had been the whole time in Tsinan) and I along with Dr. Wright took the train to Tsingtao. After a week's rest my wife and I took a steamer to Dairen and thence to Tientsin, reaching Peking February 16th, after an absence of over four months.

From all that I have seen and experienced I am glad to bear testimony to the splendid work which is being done in mission hospitals. The one at Tehchow is connected with only one mission, that of the American Board. The hospital is a small one, but is well constructed, kept clean and in good order and is often full to overflowing of Chinese patients. Dr. Tucker and wife (also a physician) have more than once shown skill and made sacrifice for the Chinese in time of epidemic and, worse than epidemic, war. During the last fighting there came under treatment wounded from both sides of the fighting line and also from among the bandits. All in all, Tehchow is a model mission station.

The medical work at Tsinan represents a larger plan and is part of the Shantung Christian University, which in turn is probably the largest union combination in all China. Tsinan was the first city where I was located when under the American Presbyterian Board from 1885 to 1892. Presbyterians were allotted this city and surrounding region. Then came a union with the English Baptists, and later with the American Baptists, the Canadian Presbyterians, the London Mission and other societies. The University might be called an Anglo-American co-operative institution.

There are only two foreign nurses in this hospital, the Dinkelacker sisters, who often have to look after patients to the number of one hundred and fifty. To the Chinese nurses fell the task of attending to me, and so by a change from month to month there were some twenty with whom I became acquainted and to whom I am indebted.

Kindness in various ways was shown by those of the hospital and University as well as by the Presbyterian group. In the eighties we few missionaries lived in rented houses and it was only after five years of litigation and negotiation that I was able to overcome opposition of the gentry and purchase the first piece of property and erect the first building in the east suburb. Since those days there has been no special opposition. The University buildings with residences, hospital and the Christian Institute, occupy many acres inside and outside of the southwest suburb, and in securing all this ground much has been due to Rev. J. S. Whitewright.

The University has lately experienced the usual amount of anti-foreign feeling that has spread over China, very different from the kind of opposition I learned to deal with some 30 and more years ago. A strange anomaly was to see the very ones who denounced the British in the spring and summer of 1925 seeking British protection and foreign refuge the last months of the year when civil war threatened Tsinan.

One of my oldest friends, who had come to China one year before me was Rev. J. S. Whitewright. He had gone on a visit to Tientsin about the time I entered the hospital at Tsinen. About the time of my recovery Mr. Whitewright passed away and was laid to rest in Tientsin. Another friend, Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, who had sent kind messages from Tunghsien, had also finished her course before the time of my return to Peking.

While in the hospital my friends kept me supplied with literature. Besides satisfying my craving for the Peking and Tientsin *Times* and other periodicals like the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The New Republic* I had leisure to read some fifty-five books, my first opportunity to do so much reading in many years. I was specially pleased with the novels of Thomas Nelson Page and Ian Maclaren. Of the latter as Dr. John Watson I found great profit in reading "The Life of the Master."

Tsinan has been a center for military operations and of political negotiation. During the time I was there we only heard firing one day, but we often had frightening rumors. Along with the defeat of the Fengtien forces in Kiangsu and Chihli it looked serious for Shantung under Tupan Chang Tsung-chang. Though opposed by the new Peking Government, he retained control of Shantung and changed his title from Tupan to Sze Ling or Commander of Shantung Force. Later on Tupan Li Ching-lin, after being defeated at Tientsin, came to Tsinan and joined hands with General Chang. Through them connections were again made with Marshal Chang Tso-lin in Manchuria, and, more important, with General Chin Yun-ao, and through him with Marshal Wu Pei-fu. This combination is against the four Kuomin Chun while General Sun Chuan-fang is left as an uncertain factor. The carrying out of these plans and combinations is just now being made apparent in the fighting that is going on in Shantung, Chihli and Honan. Who is to control Peking and the Central Government such as it is remains to be determined.

These provinces, Shantung, Chihli, Honan and Kiangsu, have suffered tremendously at the hand of their varied military leaders. Railway communication has been destroyed.

In trying to get out of Tsinan and back to Peking I consulted General Chang Tsung-chang. He ordered a special car to take me to Tsingtao, but as this was impossible to arrange, two sleeping compartments were provided for Dr. and Mrs. Wright and for myself and Mrs. Reid, all free of charge to Tsingtao. Thence I took a circuitous sea route to Tientsin, and was impressed with the difference in efficiency between the Japanese and Chinese.

A few days before leaving the hospital, I inquired of Dr. Shields, the Dean, as to my bill and was told that I need not trouble about it. Being shown the bill as made out, I learned that besides there being no charge for surgical operation and medical attendance (the hospital being a charity hospital and Chinese) some friend or friends had already sent a check of $350.00 for meeting such other expenses as were incurred, with the statement that further payment would be made if needed. Such kindness from an anonymous giver was most unexpected and has my heartiest appreciation.

During my stay in the hospital I had time for thinking on future plans. Granted a new lease of life, I have about determined to resume Institute work in our Institute buildings in Shanghai some time during this year. In four years and more of testing things in Peking as to either Chinese or foreign backing, it seems as if more than one decade would be needed to establish the Institute on a stable basis under a stable government. I hardly think I can hold on till I am a hundred, and so I must act accordingly.

A kind Providence has dwelt with me these four months through kind human agencies. Whether human or divine, I renew my sense of gratitude as I renew my strength.

Peking, China. GILBERT REID.

The Gandhi Autobiography: How Long Will It Run?

Editor of UNITY:

May I inquire whether the autobiography of Gandhi to be published in UNITY will be *completed* in the six months following April 5?

W. H. MCMASTER.

Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THOUSANDS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS ABROAD NEED HELP

Will You Help Them?

More prisoners are held today for their political beliefs than ever before. The dictatorships of Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria and Spain have imprisoned thousands of radicals and advocates of democracy; England has locked up hundreds of nationalists in India and Egypt; Poland almost a thousand Communists and Ukrainian nationalists; Germany over 4,000 Communists; and Russia 1,500 to 2,000 Socialists, anarchists and others opposed to the Soviet dictatorship. The total number, impossible to get accurately, is estimated at over 30,000 for all countries, including the 78 in the U. S.

These prisoners and their families are being aided with money, food, clothes and reading matter very inadequately, and many not at all. The International Red Aid works wherever it can. So do the political parties and unions to which the prisoners belong. But more aid, with world-wide publicity on their distress, is imperative.

The International Committee for Political Prisoners

is organized to get the facts, raise relief in the United States and to tie together the scattered agencies here among the foreign-language groups in behalf of their comrades abroad.

Already five investigators from the U. S. have examined conditions in as many countries abroad, and three are there now. Contacts are being made with established relief agencies in each country. All the work is being done without salary. All relief money goes directly to the prisoners in the country for which it is designated. Overhead expenses for investigations, printing and office work are $2,000 this year.

A pamphlet of reprints of articles on conditions in all countries already covered has been issued; a book on Russian prisoners is in press; and pamphlets on Polish and Italian prisoners are to be issued shortly.

On the International Committee, among others, are Jane Addams, Clarence Darrow, W. E. B. DuBois, Lewis Gannett, Norman Hapgood, John Haynes Holmes, Robert Morss Lovett, Father John A. Ryan, James H. Maurer, Fremont Older, Eugene V. Debs, David Starr Jordan and Oswald Garrison Villard. The chairman is Roger N. Baldwin.

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THE FIELD

Women's International League News Letter

Military Training

On February 20th the Subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations in the United States Senate heard not only the statements of generals and colonels regarding the expenditure of the money appropriated to the War Department, but these Senators listened also to the statements of William I. Hull of Swarthmore College, William Bradley Otis of the College of the City of New York and Nevin Sayre.

The opening sentence of Professor Hull explained their presence very briefly and to the point, "Mr. Chairman, we have not come to ask you to put anything more into the appropriation bill; but, on the contrary, we have come to ask if you would cut out the proposed appropriation for the R. O. T. C." Professor Hull presented the case of those opposing military training from the point of view of economy and from the psychological effect that such training has on the youth of the land and thus inevitably upon the spirit of a whole people. We quote Professor Hull again:

"But, Mr. Chairman, it seems to us that this plan of putting military training into our civilian educational institutions is even worse than the Prussian plan of universal compulsory military training and service for all male adults. Indeed, we have to go back to ancient Sparta in order to find a people who deliberately set out to train every able-bodied boy in the country for military service. You know that ancient Sparta took them from the cradle, and from that time to the grave they prepared for war; and Sparta got nothing else except war. Sparta is a name of scorn and contempt; it is simply a heap of ashes in our time."

Professor William Bradley Otis of the College of the City of New York presented his side of the question from the compulsory stand point, or, as he so aptly put it, that of "peace-time conscription." For eight years Professor Otis was a director of the National Security League and because of his defense of the students at the College of the City of New York, who protested against the compulsory training he was asked to resign from that organization. On the compulsory feature Professor Otis said:

"The only thing my good friend, Colonel Arnold, who is in charge of the course, offers in extenuation of its continuance, is that it is a question of discipline; boys need discipline. My position is that there is nothing so undermining of discipline of the college as the continuance of this course as a compulsory course. Now, why? Because I think the boys feel, and personally I feel they feel aright, that it is essentially an un-American thing to compel a person in peace times, especially a college boy, to take military training against his will. If we are going to have universal compulsory military training, well and good.

"We are looking to these young men to be leaders in the future, and they must learn to evaluate data as it is placed before them, and only through independent choice in action can sound leadership in America upon that come, or be based, it seems to me. Secretary Hoover very strongly emphasized that in his talk a few days ago before the National Education Association, as to the value of independent choice in action."

Nevin Sayre brought out the follow-

REPLY

Dear Dr. McMaster:

In answer to your letter of the 2nd inquiring about Gandhi's autobiography, may I say that it looks now as though the serial publication of this work will extend considerably over the period of six months.

The work is not yet completed and I get the chapters from India only as they are published from week to week, chapter by chapter, in Gandhi's paper. When I made my original plans and announcements I made a rough guess that the story might continue for about a six months' period. As the chapters began to come along, however, I saw that the work was being written in such detail and in units of such comparative brevity that in all probability it would continue for a prolonged period. I therefore wrote to Gandhi and have recently received a letter from him stating that the autobiography would probably run this year or perhaps even longer.

I have had the thought of doubling up on the chapters, publishing two in each issue instead of one. This has proved to be impossible, however, as I get the chapters week by week, as I have said. Sometimes their arrival is delayed and in doubling up would in time come to the point of overtaking Gandhi's own publication of his work and thus have no material in hand. I say all this because I am interested in your inquiry and want you to know just what the facts are.

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Soul Brother

Editor of UNITY:

You may remember me as the young Englishman associated with J. F. Wright, also a charter member of the Pathfinders of America."

Being very interested in your UNITY, I have passed it to my friends from time to time. There was an article two weeks ago on Gandhi and Tolstoy, in which you exalted Gandhi.

Both men to me are identical, just as Jesus and Prince Siddartha (who came down from the princely state to beggarhood). The manifestations are different, but the light that led each of them was the same. Gandhi's cry is non-cooperation of evil, and Tolstoy's (in his book "The Kingdom Within"), was the non-resistance of evil.

This is also the essence of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. The danger of lifting one man above another is that it produces the worship of the man instead of the Christ in man, which is the light that lighteth every man according to his works. The purpose of discipleship is to reach that state of consciousness in which one is not overcome by good or evil, by great joy or extreme sorrow, but rather to have that serenity of mind that can receive and understand the small voice and give it unto those now groping their way in the dark.

May that light which never grows dim surround your great effort in your Community Church and the UNITY paper.

Your Soul Brother, WM. GEO. BROMLEY.

ing facts which are interesting to all who pay taxes for the preparation of war:

"Now take the matter of the financial appropriation. According to the bill in the House for appropriation, which you are considering, I understand that $3,911,493 is asked as a direct appropriation for R. O. T. C. work up to December 31, 1927; but as a matter of fact that tells somewhat less than half of the story, because in the report from the Secretary of War to the President, he points out that those figures do not include the salaries of the professors and the men who are in these institutions, helping with the courses; that on those figures, those salary figures, the pay allowance for teachers was $4,860,000.

"If you add those two items together, taking the last year's item of direct appropriations of $3,818,020, you get a total of $8,678,020.

"Furthermore, the Secretary of War points out to the President that last year a free issue of surplus equipment up to an amount of $2,018,484.17 was included. The Secretary says:

"The time is not far off when free issues must cease, due to the complete exhaustion of all surplus equipment which has been in the hands of the War Department as the result of purchases made during the World War, and increased appropriations for the purchase of equipment for the civilian components and activities will then be necessary; otherwise the war reserves will have to be reduced.'

"That means, if you add those three things together, that what we are getting into is a total appropriation of $10,696,504 in one year for financing these military courses in civilian education institutions.

"Mr. Chairman, we feel that that is something quite new, since the World War, and we have a quite serious objection to the Senate and House making so large appropriations for this work."

Write to your Senator for a copy of these hearings persuant to H. R. 8917 and then call his attention to the material presented by Professor Hull, Professor Otis and Nevin Sayre.

Send your Senator a copy of the Lane Pamphlet (copies can be secured by writing to the Washington Office of the W. I. L.) and mark passages which you feel he should be particular to read. Be sure to call his attention to these hearings on the Appropriation Bill and assure him of your disapproval of creating through this military training a khaki-minded American youth.

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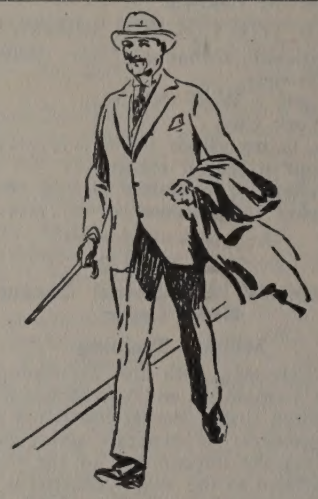

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